

all her efforts to avoid him, seized her, and plucked the veil from her face, when exposed she appeared a most ugly, loathsome witch, cloathed in filthy rags, and a shocking figure of deformity.— While Master *Headstrong* stood in surprize, *Passion* disappeared, and the old man striking the ground with his wand, the palace vanished, the lofty pillars and the painted ceilings were no more, the music and musicians were lost together,

and

and all was instantly changed to a dreary forest.



So like a dream, false joys will fly,
And leave us e'en before we die.

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